

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE  
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## THE TRIBUNE.

REMAINS OF THE LATE LUCY HOOVER, collected

and arranged with a Memorial. By JOHN KEELER, 10.  
New-York, pp. 23. New-York S. Collier.

We have long anxiously awaited the appearance

of this volume, which ought to have been given to

the public many months since. Miss Hoover died

nearly one year ago, and we doubt not that many

afflighing and sympathizing hearts have long won-

dered why her collected Poems have not made

their appearance. But they are out at last; and

we trust they will be loved with gladness and en-

thusiasm. The biography is chaste, truthful and

justified; we have been deeply interested in and

moved by it. Our departed friend therein stands

before us in all the eloquent lineaments of her li-

ving bosom and retiring worth.

The Poems included in this volume are sixty-two in number, each suggested by some striking occur-

rence or historical passage, each of moderate

size, no more than ordinary merit. The par-

tainty with which we may have been tempted originally to regard many of these Poems, as contri-

butions to our own periodical, "The New-Yorker," has been fully justified by a reversal; and we

now the book in entire conviction, that no Ameri-

can Woman has published a volume of verse con-

ting more genuine Poetry with so entire an ab-

sence of alloy, as is exhibited in the *Remains of*

Lucy Hoover.

We leave some difficulty in making a single se-  
lection from this work which shall at once recall  
the spirit of its gifted author to the minds of our  
readers, and yet be not in itself so familiar as to  
seem hackneyed. Miss Hoover's later effusions

ring clearly in household words to most admirers  
of Poetry in this region. We choose the fol-  
lowing:

### LINES.

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING NEWPORT, AUG. 23, 1842.

Sweet were the airs of home, when first their breath

Came to me to wander, as her gladdened eye

Met the fair verdure of her native hills,

As the clear glancing waters brought again

A the fond dream of childhood to the heart,

That he so soon amid the city's hum

For the great wealth of home, the waving trees,

And the fair flowers that in the golden time

Blew freshly mid the rocky cliffs.

All these

Had seemed but Fancy's picture, and the hours

Of Memory's pencil, faint day by day.

Give back the trumpery, in the crowded mart

There were no green paths where the birds of home

Might sing uncheked, and a forgotten thing

Were Spring's sweet voices to the wanderer's heart,

Tell me again amid these welcome sounds

The faded lines grew vivid, and the flowers—

The fresh, pure flowers of youth brought back again

The bloom of early thoughts.

Old brightly glanced

Thy waters, river of my heart, and dreams

Sweeter than Childhood's come again.

Wish my first sight of these bright memories linked

With thy familiar music, sparkling tide!

The rocks and hills all smote a welcome back;

And Memory's pencil has a faileless green

For that one hour by thee!

Oh! gentle home,

Comes with thy name fair visions, kindly tones,

Warm greetings from the heart, and eyes whose

Hath suited upon my dreams.

Light golden links

Were strangely parted, music tones had passed,

And tunes unloosed, that unto many a heart

Were bound with life, the musing child no more

Might watch the glancing of the distant stars,

And dream of one, whose glad returning step

Made over the fair sunshine of her home;

The sister's heart might thrill no more to meet

One voice, that in the silence of the grave

Is hushed for ever, and whose eyes' soft light

Comes with its starry radiance, when her soul

Fires in the silent hour.

Home, sweet home!

There are sad memories with thee; Earth hath not

A place where Change ne'er cometh and where

Death casteth shadow 'tween the moonlight and 'Death

Soothly in all thy still and shaded streets,

And the deep stars of midnight purely shine,

Bringing a thought of that far world, where Love

Bindeth again his lost and treasured gems.

And where 'many mansions' there may be

A home where Chance ne'er cometh, and where

May leave a trace upon the pure in heart. [Death]

Who bend before their Father's throne in Heaven!

THE OLD DAYS WE REMEMBER.

The old days we remember.

How softly they glide,

While all untouched by worldly care,

We wandered side by side.

In those pleasant days, when the sun's last rays

Just lingered on the hill,

Or the moon's pale light, with the coming night,

Showed over our pathway still.

The old days we remember—

Oh! there's nothing like them now,

The gleam has faded from our hearts;

And the blossom from the bough;

In the chisel of care, midst world's strife.

Perchance we are colder grown;

For stormy weather, since we roamed together.

The hearts of both have known.

The old days we remember—

Oh! clear! shone the sun,

And every star looked brighter far.

Then they ever since have done!

On the very streams there lingered gleams;

Of light never seen before,

And the running brook, a music took,

Our souls can hear no more!

The old days we remember—

Oh! could we go back.

To their quiet hours, and tread once more

Their bright familiar track;

Could we picture again, what we pictured then,

Of the sunny world that lay

On the green hilside, and the waters wide,

And our glad hearts far away.

The old days we remember,

When we never dreamed of guile,

Nor knew that the heart could be cold below,

While the lip still wore its smile!

But we must not forget, for those hours come yet,

They wait us in sleep.

While far and wide, o'er life changing tide,

Our barks assent keep.

The old days we remember—

Oh! clear! shone the sun,

And every star looked brighter far.

As we tread the busy maze;

A bitter sigh for the hours gone by,

The dream that might not last,

The friends deemed true when our hopes were new,

And the glorious visions passed!

Graham's MAGAZINE.—The liberal principles

which this periodical is hereafter to be conduct-

ed most secure to it a circulation and influence

no greater than it has hitherto enjoyed. We

know that the proprietor has engaged, besides

Griffiths, whose connection with the work as

we have before noticed, J. Fenimore

Corr., William C. Bryant, Professor Longfellow,

Dr. Wm. C. Hodson, and the author of "A New

England," as regular contributors to its pages. He

is, of course, dispense with the services of a do-

zen or more of the weaker writers—the Ellen Ash-

ton, the Harry Cavendishes, the Ingrahams et al.

These persons have hitherto confined their popu-

larity nearly to the milliner's shop, and abando-

ned the worthless caricatures called *fashion plates*,

which we really cannot believe ever secured to it

so much subscribers. If he will do this, with

which he has secured, Mr. Graham must

be surely successful.

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BY GREELEY & McELRATH.

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